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WHEN HILLS ARE GREEN.

When hills are green,
Sweet secrets lie in all the earth,
The stone knolls, even, soon give birth
To blue-eyed violets, and vie
In azure charms with all the sky;
For beauty knows no clan or clime
When hills are green.

When hills are green,
With springtime sympathy we hear,
All far and near and faint and clear,
Sweet, woodland music, set afloat
By many a joyous feathered throat—
The richest phase of vocal rhyme,
When hills are green.

When hills are green,
The southern breezes, dancing, pass
With sun-tipped feet along the grass,
And kiss the clover blossoms out
Till spicy scents float all about
Where'er the wind may choose to blow,
When hills are green.

When hills are green,
Each rising curve is set with gems
That sparkle on their slender stems,
For snowy petals—gold and blue,
In soft, green cradles bud anew,
And bloom where'er the south winds go,
When hills are green.

When hills are green,
Our life is not as yesterday,
The world seems one long holiday.
We sing with everything that sings,
And feel the lark's ecstatic wings
Give impulse to our quickening feet,
When hills are green.

When hills are green,
The round, white clouds like foothills rise
To distant mountains in the skies,
And fair life angels come and go
Along the lofty paths of snow,
And bear to earth spring treasures sweet,
When hills are green.

—Mildred McNeal, in Youth's Companion.

EXTRAVAGANCE OF DAN

By L. Frank Baum.

"TO think," exclaimed Farmer Biggs, solemnly, as in either hand he held upright the carving-knife and fork, their butts resting upon the tablecloth; "to think as I should 'a' raised up a boy to be as extravygent as this!"

Aunt Annabel shook her head sorrowfully, Mrs. Biggs gave a low moan of grief and little 'Liz'beth, with eyes big and wondering, stared full at her brother Dan.

Dan himself stood beside the breakfast table, half defiant, more than half embarrassed, and feeling uncommonly like a fish out of water. It was Sunday morning, and Dan, who had driven to town the evening before and returned late, had just sprung a genuine surprise upon the family circle.

"Jest look," continued his father, severely, as he pointed full at the culprit with the carving knife, "at that red shirt an' high, dude collar!"

"It ain't red!" protested Dan, eagerly; "it's pink, with white stripes."

"An' the blue necktie!" gasped Aunt Annabel, with another reproachful shake of her head.

"An' the bran new suit!" said Dan's mother, striving to conceal the tone of pride that crept in her voice.

"An', oh, Pop!—look at his shoes!" cried little 'Liz'beth, clapping her hands.

They all looked down at Dan's feet, and stared in amazement at the shiny, patent leathers that glistened in all their newness.

"'Twere my money," said Dan, the blood surging into his round, beardless face, "an' I don't know as it's anybody's business 'cept mine. Can't a feller be a gentleman if he wants to?"

"Not with them hands," said his father, sternly.

Dan looked down at the big, red fists that hung far out of his sleeves, and then put them behind his back.

"Ner with them feet," declared Aunt Annabel, with evident contempt. Dan shifted them uneasily.

"Ner with that head o' hair," said his mother, critically. Dan's hands sought his head, and he ran his fingers slowly through the sandy shock of hair that adorned it.

"You kin cut it, can't ye, mar?" he asked, anxiously.

"I kin, o' course," replied Mrs. Biggs, "but I dunno as it would be a Christian act to encourage you in your foolish extravygence."

"Foolish ain't no name for it," announced Mr. Biggs. "It's downright wicked."

"'Twere my money," repeated Dan, but the tears stood in his blue eyes as he realized the impossibility of justifying himself to his unsympathetic friends.

"You set down here an' eat your breakfast," said his mother, giving her husband a warning look; "we'll see about that hair-cut afterwards."

Dan meekly took his place at table, and the meal proceeded in silence, although 'Liz'beth could not keep her admiring eyes off her big brother.

"Arter you've finished, Dan'l," said his father, as he rose from his chair, "I'll see you in the barn."

Dan's appetite was indifferent, and as he pushed back from the table his mother said:

"Come over here by the winder, son, an' I'll see what can be done with that hair. Father can wait a bit, I guess."

Dan removed his coat and sat down obediently by the window. Mrs. Biggs took her scissors out of the workbasket and pinned a calico apron around Dan's neck.

"The suit ain't so bad," she said, musingly; "it looks like good stuff, an' it's pretty well made."

"Mr. Blodgett said it was the latest style," remarked Dan, proudly.

"Oh, you got it over to Blodgett's store, did you? How much did it cost, Dan?"

"Never you mind, mar," said Dan, falling back upon his original defense. "I earned the money."

Mrs. Biggs sighed and snipped busily away with the scissors.

"I'm glad you wasn't reckless enough to go to one of them barber fellows over town," she said.

"Oh, I were reckless 'nough; 'twarn't that, mar. I clean forgot all about it."

"I'm afraid, Dan'l," sighed Aunt Annabel, "that you're gittin' into bad ways. I never knew your father to spend so much money at one time in his life. It must 'a' cost a heap."

Dan was silent, and the scissors clipped away briskly, until Mrs. Biggs announced the job was completed to her satisfaction.

"Now for pop," said Dan, and he put on his coat and walked resolutely to the barn. His father sat upon an upturned pail in moody reflection, and when his son halted before him he looked up to him and said:

"Dan, I allus tried to be a good father to you. When you come 21 this spring I let the hired man go an' took you in his place—on half wages. 'Tain't ev'ry father would 'a' done that. An' when you come to me last night an' wanted $15 I made sure you was goin' to put it in the bank. Sech a thought as your a-spendin' of it recklessly never entered my head. Whatever made you do it, Dan—whatever made you do it?"

"Look here, pop; we've had 'bout 'nough o' this kind o' talk," said Dan, with spirit. "I've worked steady an' I've earned the money, an' it's my bus'ness. I'd got tired o' them baggy old clo's an' homemade shirts, an' made up my mind I'd dress as a feller should dress; an' now it's did, an' there's no backin' out. So you jest take it quiet an' let it pass."

"Well, well," said Mr. Biggs, after a little thought, "you never did sech a thing afore, an' so we'll let it pass, as you say. Mebbe it'll be a good lesson to you."

He arose from his seat, as if to indicate that the interview was at an end, but Dan hung around as though there was something more he wished to say. Finally he mustered up enough courage to ask:

"Kin I take the brown mare an' the top buggy to drive to church?"

"The top buggy! Air ye too proud to ride wi' the rest of us in the wagin?"

"I thought I'd go over to the Larkinsville church this mornin'."

"An' why?" questioned his father, in surprise. "Ain't the church at the Corners good enough for you?"

"Oh, it's good 'nough, but all the best folks go to Larkinsville."

"The rich farmers as live on the turnpike go there," said his father, sharply, "but you ain't got no call to associate with the Larkins an' Pentons an' Abbeys. Why, they'd stick up their noses at the son o' a poor farmer like me."

"Anyhow," persisted Dan, stubbornly, "I'd like to go."

"Then go!" growled the farmer; "you'll know more the next time. I s'pose you want to show off them new clo's—an' the red shirt."

So Dan drove over to the Larkinsville

"TAIN'T EVRY FATHER WOULD 'A' DONE THAT."

church, and, strange to say, seemed in high spirits on his return. And on Monday morning he put on his old clothes again and went to work with his usual energy and good will.

During the week Farmer Larkins, reputed the richest man in the county, rode up to the Biggs farm to arrange for the purchase of some milch cows. While he was talking with Dan's father the boy passed by and touched his hat respectfully to the great man.

"That's a good lad you have there," said Mr. Larkins, looking after him; "he was over to our church Sunday, an' set in our pew; an' Sally 'lowed as he was the best-behaved young man at the meetin'."

Mr. Biggs reddened with pleasure at this praise from so high an authority.

"Dan's a rare worker," he said, "an' I'm payin' him half wages now for takin' the hired man's place. He'll make a right smart farmer one o' these days."

"Yes," replied Mr. Larkin, thoughtfully; "he has a likely look. I wish I had a son like him," and he mounted his gray nag and rode slowly away.

The next Sunday there was no opposition to Dan's driving the bay mare to the Larkinsville church, and Mrs. Biggs was really proud of her boy as she watched him drive away, so sprucely dressed in his new clothes. It was nearly dark when he returned, but no one questioned him, and he made no explanation as to what had detained him.

And so the summer passed away, and Sunday became Dan's day off. Sometimes he would not return until the family was in bed, and his father and mother spoke to each other anxiously about his "carryin's on" and feared his bad habits were growing on him. But Dan's newly-developed stubbornness restrained them from remonstrating seriously.

Dan asked permission to attend the county fair in October, and to drive the brown mare with the top buggy, and his father reluctantly consented. But when the young man, after much hesitation, asked for two dollars to spend, Mr. Biggs firmly refused.

"Fifty cents was all I ever spent at a fair when I was a boy," he said, "an' to chuck away two dollars for sech nonsense would be downright sinful. I'll give you 50 cents, if you want it, but no more."

Dan looked him straight in the eye.

"There's about $20 comin' to me, ain't there?" he asked.

"'Bout that. But I ain't goin' to encourage you in extravygent habits."

"I'll trouble you for two dollars," said Dan, white with anger, "or I'll take what's due me an' you can find another hand. I'm 21, an' I'm my own master."

His father eyed him curiously a moment, but he saw Dan was in earnest, and so with a groan of protest he took the money from his pocket and gave it to him.

"I s'pose you're goin' to take that red-headed gal o' Jinkinses with you, an' squander the money buyin' her peanuts an' candy," he said, spitefully; "them red-headed gals has ruined more men than you, Dan. But I see you're headed for destruction, an' you must go your own bent."

Dan did not reply. He put the money in his pocket, climbed into the buggy and drove away without a word.

After that Dan got into the habit of absenting himself more than one evening in the week, and his parents became so worried that Mr. Briggs began praying earnestly for him at family prayers.

But nothing seemed to move Dan; even the prayers were ineffectual to stop him in what Aunt Annabel called his down'ard course."

One morning in December Dan, having returned exceptionally late the preceding evening, remarked calmly at the breakfast table:

"You'd better look up a hired man, pop; I'm goin' to be married New Year's day."

If a bomb had been exploded in their midst the Biggs family could not have been more startled.

His mother lay back in her chair and stared with eyes and mouth wide open; Aunt Annabel screamed and scared little 'Liz'beth into tears, and the farmer uttered a word under his breath that must have been taken bodily from the prayerbook.

Mrs. Biggs recovered herself first.

"Who to, Dan?" she inquired, breathlessly.

"To Sally Larkins."

"Sally Larkins!" they echoed, with one voice.

"Why, she's the richest gal in the county," said Aunt Annabel, in amazement.

"An' the prettiest!" said 'Liz'beth.

Dan caught his little sister in his arms and kissed her rapturously.

"An' she's an only child!" cried his mother, as the importance of the announcement came home to her.

"Dan," said his father, rising from the table and trembling with excitement, "I'll see you in the barn arter you're through your breakfast."

Dan kissed his mother and Aunt Annabel and 'Liz'beth with happiness shining from every feature of his round face, and then he sought his father.

"Dan," said that parent, impressively, "how air you goin' to support a wife, to say nothin' o' supportin' yourself?"

"Mr. Larkins has promised to give us the Downs farm for a weddin' present. There ain't no better piece o' land in the county."

Mr. Biggs sat silently upon the upturned pail, evidently engaged in deep thought.

"Dan," he said, at length, "I may have kicked a little at yer extravygence now an' then, but let bygones be bygones. A business deal is a business deal, an' to tell you the truth, that bit o' money o' yourn were mighty well invested!"—National Magazine.

Quite a Difference.

All disciples of Izaak Walton will appreciate the story which is going the rounds, concerning Mr. Andrew Lang, the English critic and essayist. An exchange publishes the anecdote which one of Mr. Lang's literary friends tells:

It happened to me to spend a few days last summer in an English village. Having noticed a pleasant river, which seemed to promise excellent fishing, I spoke of it to my landlady.

"Oh, yes, sir," she said, "there is very good fishing here—many people come here for fishing."

"What kind of people come here?" I asked.

"Literary gentlemen come here very often, sir. We had Mr. Andrew Lang staying here."

"Oh, really! does he fish? Is he a good fisherman?"

"Yes, sir; he fishes beautifully."

"Really! Does he catch much?"

"Oh, no, sir, he never catches anything, but he fishes beautifully."—Youth's Companion.

Wanted a Very Dry Grave.

A romantic lady, whose husband had just died, begged her brother-in-law (who was arranging everything for the funeral) to see that the deceased was put into a very dry grave, as he had so strongly objected to dampness in his lifetime. When she visited the spot at the Norwood cemetery a few days after it was pouring with rain, and the drips from the trees made a persistent moisture all around the newly-made grave. She looked up with tears in her eyes and said: "O, Charles, why have you placed him here? See how damp and dreadful his grave is." The poor man for the moment was utterly nonplussed; at last a happy inspiration came to him, and he answered: "Well, but look what a splendid view he has of the Crystal palace!" It was too much for the risible faculties of even the bereaved one.—Gentlewoman.

Snow in Berlin.

The removing of last winter's snow from its streets cost Berlin $300,000.

HOW TO ROAST BEEF.

Temperature of the Oven—A Prime Pot Roast.

When beef is to be roasted it should be placed in a very hot oven at first, so that the surface will be quickly browned, thus making a coating by which the juices of the meat will all be retained. The temperature of the oven should then be lowered and the meat cooked slowly and be frequently basted, unless it is in a covered pan. The time allowed for roasting a large piece of beef is usually 12 minutes for every pound and 12 minutes for the pan.

To prepare a piece of beef for roasting do not wash it, but wipe it off with a damp cloth. Place it in the baking pan, rub some beef drippings over the top and dredge the top and sides with flour. Put in the pan a couple of spoonfuls of drippings. Water should not be added if you wish the roast to be a nice brown, and do not add the salt and pepper to the pan until after the surface of the meat has been well browned. Remember that after the first 20 minutes roast beef requires a moderate oven and baste the meat frequently with its own drippings from the pan. If there is danger of the gravy growing too brown or cooking away, a little beef stock may be added to the pan, and frequently a gill of cooking wine is added to the pan in the last 20 minutes of cooking, giving the gravy a delicious flavor.

When the roast is sufficiently cooked remove it to a heated platter and make the gravy. First turn off the top grease from the liquid in the pan, and if there is not sufficient liquid left add a little stock. Lightly dredge the pan with flour and stir over a hot fire. Season with a spoonful of some sauce and more salt and pepper, if needed. Strain into a heated gravy boat and serve.

For a pot roast, get a short, thick piece of the cross rib of the beef and lard it with little strips of clear, fat pork. Put the pot in which the meat is to be cooked over the fire, and when it becomes hot put in the beef and brown it, turning the meat until every side is browned. Add half a dozen little onions, two tablespoonfuls of tomatoes, a bay leaf, a little chopped parsley, three cloves, a dozen whole black peppers, two garlic buds and a cup of starch. Place the pot where the meat will just steam and the liquid simmer for three hours, keeping the pot closely covered. One hour before serving add two carrots, sliced thin, and another cup of stock, if it is needed. Remove the meat when done to a heated platter and season the sauce with salt and pepper and a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and rub it through a coarse sieve. Pour the sauce around the meat.—N. Y. Sun.

IT WAS EASY TO DO OVER.

How Her Husband's Desk Was Transformed Into a Sideboard.

A suburban woman is obliged to endure the gibes and jeers of her family without retaliation because of her credulous faith in a suburban cabinetmaker. An heirloom on the husband's side was an old-fashioned mahogany desk of more curious than artistic make. It was useless as a desk and not pretty as a piece of old bric-a-brac, so when an idea for its evolution came to her she was doubly pleased. She consulted the suburban cabinetmaker, who pronounced her plan entirely feasible and announced himself willing to carry it out before she broached it to her husband.

"Make a buffet, or serving sideboard, out of my great-grandfather's desk!" repeated he, when it was broached. "It can't be done, my dear, and I hate to have it touched, too."

"But you don't like it," now coaxed the wife, "and the cabinetmaker says it will be very easy to do over. It will be the desk slightly enlarged, that is all. The lovely doors will be set under the shelf as panels and those graceful columns will stand out in added beauty as front supports. He will have to add a little wood and introduce a mirror, but all the choice mahogany of the desk will be preserved and show much more effectively."

In the end he was persuaded, and the desk was taken away. Some weeks passed, during which the wife made several visits of inspection to the cabinet shop, seeing parts of the work and acquiescing to various suggestions and additions to the original plan.

The evolved buffet was finally delivered one evening not long ago. Its own father would never have known it. There were six feet of sideboard against the former two of desk, and the original doors and columns were there, but that was all of the first piece of furniture, which had been built on and added to till it was stretched half way across the dining-room.

The wife turned pale, the husband groaned. "What have you done?" cried she.

"My lost great-grandfather's desk!" exclaimed the other.

The cabinet maker withdrew, after laying a folded paper upon the table. The husband rallied first and opened it. It was a bill for $85 for "work and wood furnished."—N. Y. Times.

Puffed Egg.

Separate the egg carefully, so as not to break the yolk. Beat the white to a froth, put in a custard cup, making a little nest on top, and drop the yolk carefully in. Bake in oven a few moments until "set." This is very pretty and attractive and more digestive than any way an egg can be cooked. The weakest digestion can assimilate it, and a sick child finds it very attractive. Serve with a little well-browned toast. —Boston Budget.

A Nice Lunch Dish.

One pound of round steak, one pint of milk, one cupful of flour, one egg, salt and pepper. Cut steak in dice; beat the egg light; add the milk to it; then half a teaspoonful of salt. Pour upon the flour very gradually, beating light and smooth. Butter a two-quart dish, and in it put the meat. Season well, and pour over it the batter. Bake one hour. Serve hot.—N. Y. Ledger.